

### Married Life of Helen and Warren

#### Helen Demonstrates Her Creed of Plenty When Warren Makes a Grudging Loan.

"Joy, the Westport mills have closed—3,000 men thrown out!" Warren scowled at the headlines as he took up the evening paper.

"Dear, are things very bad?" Helen moved nearer the light to thread her needle.

"Rotten! More men out of work every day. 'Fraid I'm up against it for the next few months."

"But it doesn't affect you much?" as always her interest reverted to the personal. "We ought to be thankful you have your own business. At least you can't lose your job."

"Yes, nothing like your own peanut stand. But with so much unemployment—everybody feels it."

"Oh, I hope it's no one to call," dropping her sewing to answer the phone.

"Who?" Then with her hand over the mouthpiece. "Dear, it's a Mr. Ellis to see you. Who is he? Do you want to see him?"

"George Ellis? Of course I do. Have him come up."

"Who is he?" hurriedly straightening about. "Move your chair back—you've caught up the rug."

"Well, you've heard me speak of Ellis. He made a ripping record in the war. Got all kinds of decorations in France. Was pretty badly gassed—but I guess he's all right now."

Darting into her own room for a puff of powder, she returned to find Warren greeting cordially a tall man with a boyish face but graying hair.

"Ellis, I don't think you've met Mrs. Curtis?"

"I've not had that pleasure," bowing over Helen's hand.

As Warren got out a box of cigars and they settled down in the library, Helen slightly withdrew her chair and took up her sewing.

"Saw Cooper the other day—he was asking about you." Warren reached for the matches. "Said he hadn't seen anything of you lately."

"No, I've been keeping pretty close to the shop—trying to make things go."

"The shop? Aren't you with Hawley & Wells?"

"No, I didn't get my job back. They'd reorganized the business and Wells put his son in my place."

"Gosh, that's a rotten shame! Thought, of course, they'd hold your job."

"Lot of the boys came back to find their jobs filled," bitterly. "I tried around for about six months. Couldn't get a thing—so I opened up a small machine shop for myself."

"Good!" approved Warren. "Nothing like having your own peanut stand. I was just telling Mrs. Curtis that when you came in."

"Yes, if you can hold on to it. But it's been pretty hard lately."

He was constrained. Helen had sensed his embarrassment the moment she entered the room. Now, glancing up, she saw his face redden.

"All business is suffering—everybody's feeling this depression," observed Warren. "We've got to wait until things straighten out."

"Some of us can't afford to wait—that's the trouble." Then abruptly, "I may as well tell you what I came for. I'm up against it. Unless I can raise \$300 by Monday—they're going to close me out. Curtis, can you let me have \$200? I've got the rest."

An awkward pause. Warren studied the ash-flaked end of his cigar.

"What kind of a plant have you? Doing any business?"

"It's a small plant, but I'm building up a trade. I had to borrow \$1,200 to put in the machinery. I've paid off \$900. The rest is due Monday, and they won't renew. I've got more than \$300 outstanding, but I can't collect it now. The only security I can give you is my note."

"Ellis, I don't know what to say. I've got a drawer full of I. O. U.'s—not worth the paper they're written on. I made up my mind a year ago I'd never lend you \$10 to anybody."

"That's all right, then." He rose abruptly. "No hard feeling. If I hadn't been desperate I'd never have asked you. Just forget it."

"Now, hold on. I haven't said no, have I? Let me think this over. I'm not any too flush myself just now. Suppose we leave it till tomorrow. I'll send you a check if I can."

Ellis thanked him, but he seemed crushed and hopeless.

Embarrassed because of his embarrassment, Helen rose to bid him good night.

Though Warren saw him to the elevator with a hearty good night, a painful constraint was over them all.

"Oh, dear, that was dreadful!" deplored Helen when he returned to the library. "I felt so embarrassed. I wish I hadn't come in."

"Yes, that was awkward," with a scowl. "I'd a hunch something was wrong when he came—but didn't think he was going to hold me up for a loan."

"I'm sorry for him—but I don't see why he came to you."

"Suppose it's up to me to do something. He went to France and I didn't."

"You tried hard enough! It wasn't your fault you had a valvular heart. Why doesn't his old employer help him? He didn't even give him back his job." Then anxiously, "Warren, you're not going to lend it, are you?"

"Don't know whether I am or not." Walking about the room, his hands in his pockets, he was glowering down at the floor.

"But you hardly know him! He said he hadn't any claim on you!"

"No, but he's a fine fellow. Straight as a string. Didn't play up the war end of it, either. He's been a darn good sport. And those boys who went over certainly have some claim on us—they're getting a dirty deal all around."

"Yes, I know," admitted Helen. Then with a sudden generous impulse, "Do as you think best. Don't let me influence you. I know I'm close about money—I can't help it. If you think he ought to have it—send it to him."

"I'm not keen on coughing up \$200—but I can't turn him down." Striding to the desk, he took out his check book. "Might as well do it now." The check made out, he scrawled a hasty note.

"How does this sound?" "Dear Ellis: Here is my check for the \$200. Sorry you're up against it—hope this will help you out. Things have been rather close

with me lately—that's why I seemed to hesitate.

"That's enough, isn't it? Just end it there, chi?"

The letter addressed, sealed and stamped, he gave it to Helen to take out to the mail chute in the hall.

Reluctantly she dropped it in. After all, Warren could not afford to lend money to everybody—even if they did deserve it. She wished now she had not spoken so impulsively.

"I wonder if he'll ever pay it back," dimly re-entering the library.

"Now, for heaven's sake, don't start that," snapped Warren. "If you make a loan—make it. Don't go whining about it afterwards."

"I know that's bad science—I must believe he will. And, dear, I'm going to hold the thought of plenty. The more you give the more you receive."

"Why this sudden fit of generosity? You always kick about every nickel. I shelled out for Ellis, but if anybody else shows up with a touch—they'll get the frozen face. If they think I'm easy—they've another think coming."

"Dear, listen to this," still dwelling on her idea of plenty, Helen had opened one of her New Thought books to a marked passage.

"Giving to others, radiating helpfulness, is one of the surest methods of making contact with the Universal Supply of all Good."

"We have an immortal birthright to an abundance of everything. We have only to—"

"What in blazes is that? Another touch?" Warren strode to the telephone that had broken in on her enthusiastic reading from "Mind Triumphant."

"Hello. Yes... Mr. Jordan? R. L. Jordan?... Didn't know you were in town. Where're you stopping?... Sorry I've an appointment for lunch, but I can see you in the afternoon... 2:30? Fine!"

"Who was it?" fluttered Helen as he turned beaming from the telephone.

"Jordan from Seattle. Biggest lumber man in the west. I've had some correspondence with him—he's come on to make a contract with the F. & W. Paper Mills."

"And you're—your're to draw up the papers?" glowed Helen.

"You bet I am! I've been gunning for his business for months. By George, this is a stroke of luck!"

"Luck! Don't call it luck! Dear, can't you see? This was all a thrill!"

"This has come because you loaned that money! It's a direct return—I was just reading about the 'Source of Supply.'"

"Well, it's pretty reckless of the old Source to hand out mazuma like that. I'll make a thousand out of this if I make a cent. Big return on a \$200 ante!"

Next week: They attend spiritual seance.

"Sick or tired feet can put you out of harmony with life," writes Doris Decher in the New York Evening World. The same paper quotes Dr. Elinor Van Buskirk of New York as follows:

"The woman who wears a cramped shoe is bound to have a cramped disposition. She can't help being irritable, critical and quick tempered. She doesn't make a good pal, a good wife or a good business woman."

"I would be willing to wager that half the so-called lovers' quarrels are from the girl wearing tight shoes. And as to the nagging wife—well, it is usually the tight shoe which causes her quick, ugly remarks. And many a business girl thinks she has the meanest boss on earth when it's her own stinging, burning feet she hates."

"Besides the irritable disposition which tight shoes cause, there may be physical injury. A high heel throws the balance of the body forward and the strain comes on the lower part of the spinal column, a great center of the nerves. Backaches, headaches, even rheumatism and sciatica are often caused by shoes. A woman can wear any kind of tight clothing and forget it," concluded Dr. Van Buskirk, "but she can't wear tight shoes and keep smiling."

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